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Film star Sharon Tate — one of the victims of "Satan's Slaves."



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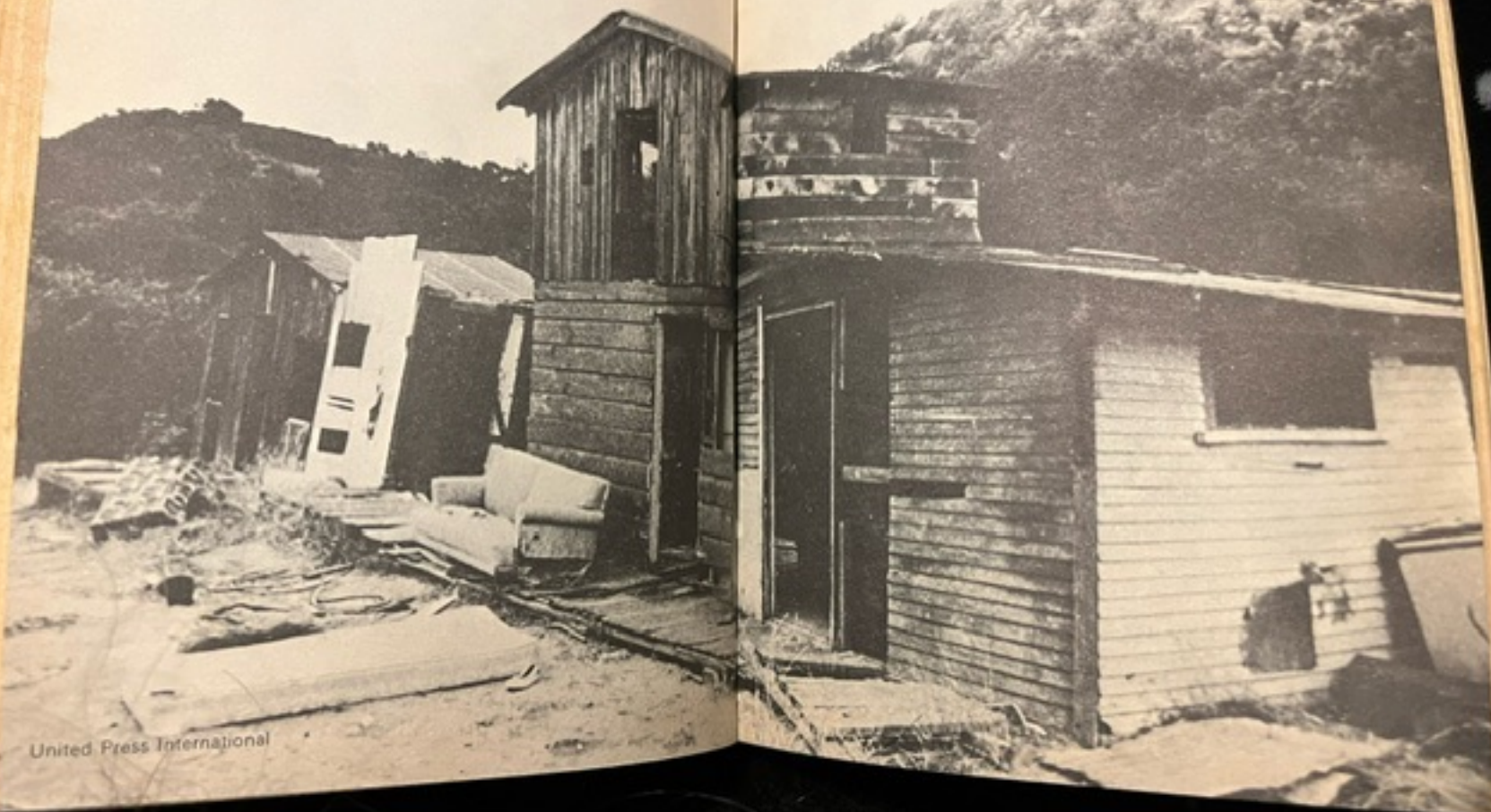


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United Press International

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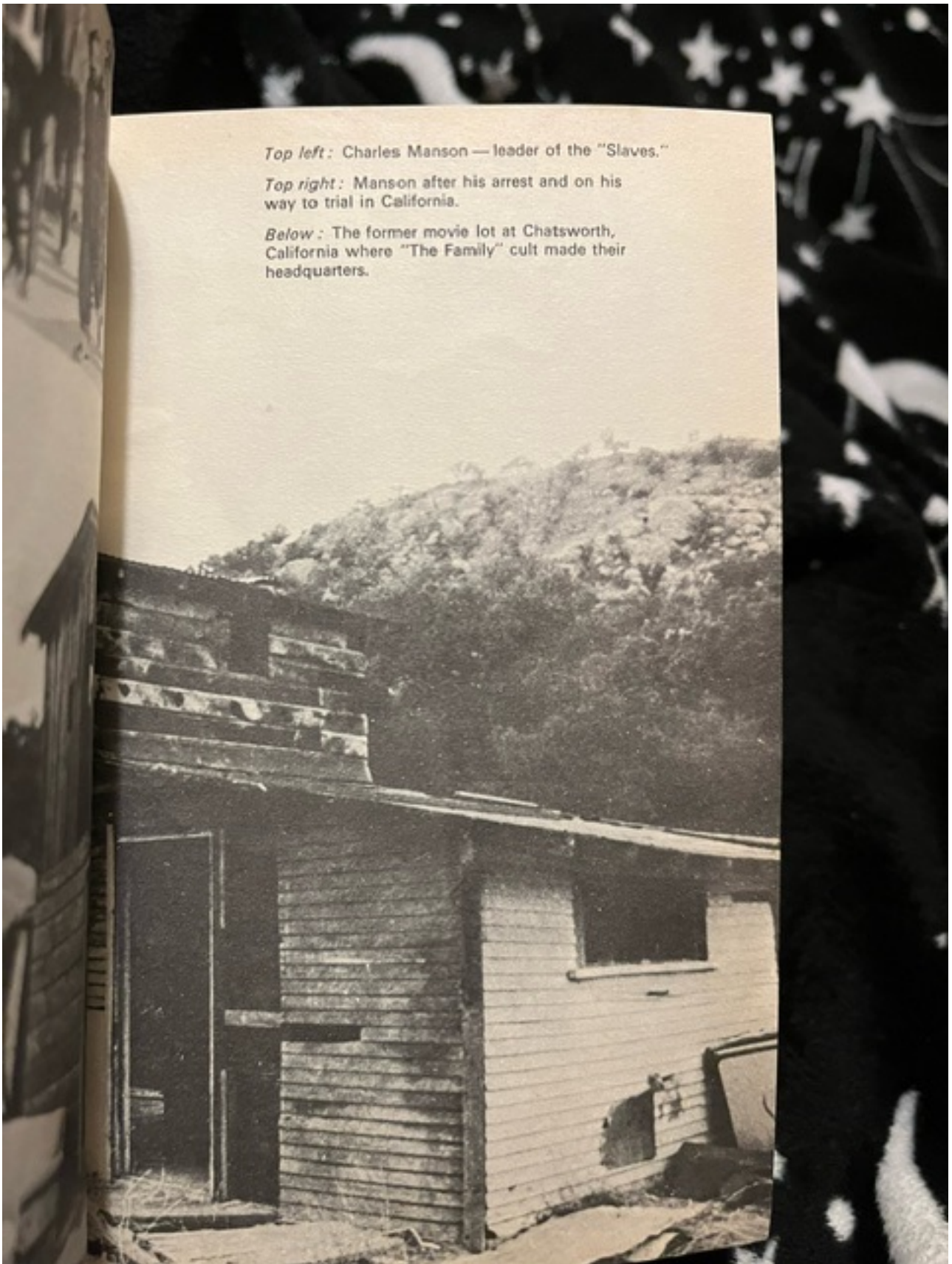


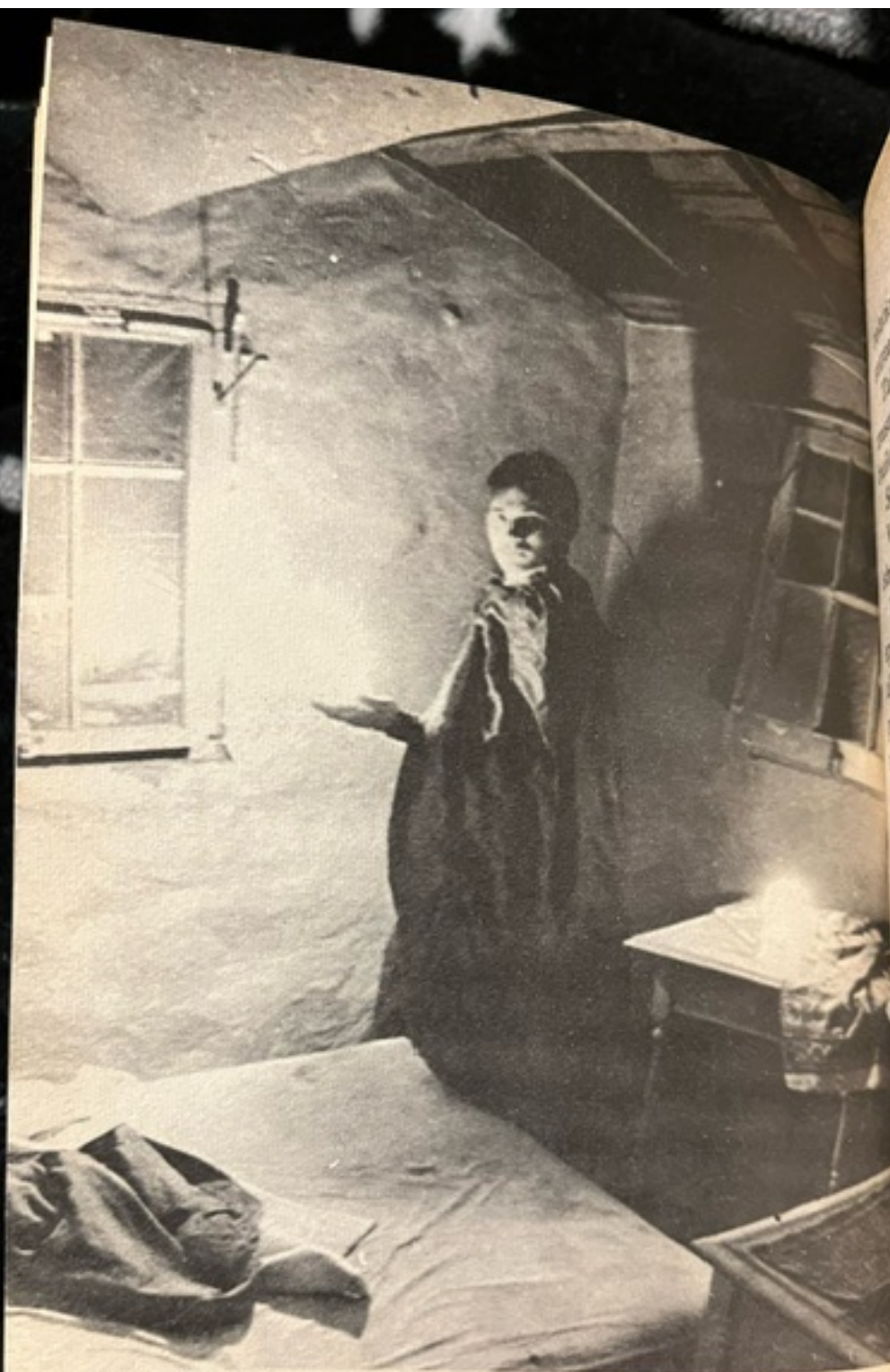
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Top left: Charles Manson — leader of the "Slaves."

Top right: Manson after his arrest and on his way to trial in California.

Below : The former movie lot at Chatsworth, California where "The Family" cult made their headquarters.





London Express

A picture which sums up the whole cult mystique of California — a "Satan's Slave" pictured in the group's Death Valley hideout.

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...was not to be condoned ...
...the law into their own ...
...disciples halted him one ...
...of the cult. One carried ...
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The building was destroy ...
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...What a way to go!

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Before hippiedom ...
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...Los Angeles. Charles Iri ...
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cussed. This, or that, star's intimate involvement with such and such a notorious character is common knowledge. It is, as the star now says, 'my personal life and not to be confused with my acting ability'.

In other words, we are being asked to condone things we, the theatre-going public, would not have accepted ten years ago. We are expected to accept immoral conduct because a person is famous, and earning a fantastic salary that allows him—or her—to act in a manner contrary to the generalized wage-earner. Money is the God—satanism the cult.

That the ritualistic mass murder in Benedict Canyon evolved from the Los Angeles scene is really no surprise. For generations, L.A. has been begging for such a 'happening'. One can blame the 'family' for its horrific slaying. One can accuse hippie-ism for its non-conformist attitude to real life. One can conclude that when law and order breaks down to permit drug-taking and free-love communes then one must expect violent insurrection. But can we ever condone the slow disintegration of moral values that has taken us all down the road to brutality and perversion as seen in the Tate slaying? Los Angeles has a lot to answer for—and a lot to offer. Where does the blame end and the praise begin?

There is no indictment at this time of the members of Charles Manson's 'family'. We have reports, and 'confessions' and statements issued by the police. At the time of writing, nothing has been proven in a court of law and all stories are but supposition in the eyes of a jury. 'Innocent until proven guilty' must be the

criterion. Yet, one cannot exclude the testimony of eye-witness confessions. One must take into account that defence attorneys are vehemently stressing that clients have been present when slayings have taken place but that their clients are innocent of any death. This we understand. This we condone until a court decides where the share of guilt lies.

However, it would seem, that Manson and his 'Slaves' are guilty of mass homicide on a scale unequalled in modern crime annals. From reports, it is explicit—Satan's Slaves conducted themselves in a manner justifying the retention of the death penalty in California, and elsewhere. It is also right to assume that America, striving for an image in this ever-complex world, must erase such factions from her own community *before* she tries to impress the 'democratic stamp of approval' on other nationalities.

It is, then, a matter of justice. Justice for the American way-of-life; justice for the great masses to express their profound disgust at a situation that has been allowed to expand, proliferate society with its insidious depravity. It is time for America—and the other civilized communities throughout the world—to examine their tolerant attitudes to the hippie-style rebellion and re-inforce laws designed to protect, safeguard, strengthen a way of life that is completely alien to the cultish dictates of a frantic minority voicing loud opinions.

Funny enough, the loudest voices raised against an issue are always those of the smallest minority. And so it is with the hippie-styled revolution against estab-

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lished order. They object to 'sterile' acceptance of conditions the majority have fought to preserve—freedoms guaranteed by constitution and United Nations' charter. They want to force us to accept new conditions—new concepts of right and wrong, according to their 'indefinite' conclusions. We can all sympathize with their beliefs that war is evil and killing is an abomination. No sane individual wishes to take the life of an enemy—but nation must be protected from nation, and oppression shielded from spreading its slave-labour conquest to free States. To chant and wave an 'alien' flag and militantly extol 'love' at the point of a sharpened banner-pole is hardly conducive to making converts.

There is, in *The Family* episode, much to be digested; more to be learnt. This is an age of change; and unless we, the responsible citizens of the community, learn to accept that youth has its rights and voice, we shall all experience the terrible consequences of Los Angeles. Frustration leads to rebellion. And, in a revolutionary group, there is always a Charles Manson—a Castro—a Ho. It is a lesson worth remembering—and one that Youth, too, must be taught.

JAMES TAYLOR.

December, 1969. London.

FAMILY

'FREAKVILLE', California, has seen many murders, gangland slayings, crusading evangelists. It has seen, according to those who have lived there, 'almost everything under the sun and a few things the sun didn't shine upon'.

The Tate murders of last August left the *blasé* Angelenos stone cold. 'Uptight', or 'Loose', it made no difference. For once, the variegated society of this sprawling community were united in their condemnation of the killer(s). At first, police sources suspected that a drug-ring was involved. A huge quantity of narcotics was reported missing. An intensive investigation took enquiries into Canada, and the Edmonton, Alberta law enforcement agencies were alerted—all to no avail.

From those initial frantic meanderings down the lonesome trail of clue-searching, the police bogged down in their own juices. Stymied, no doubt, by the senselessness of the multiple-slayings and the complete absence of motive.

Then, as is more customary than fictionalized accounts of brilliant deduction by a leading light of the department, the police got their first solid clue. A hippie-girl had talked too much!

Piece by piece, the Los Angeles police department

built up a weird tale based on the 'confession' of one of those involved in the Tate killings. It *seemed* incredible. It *was* fantastic.

The nightmarish ravings of an LSD 'tripper' had nothing comparable with the gruesome happenings of that August night . . .

All the ingredients necessary for the horror movie to end all horror movies intermingled freely through the story told by attractive Susan Atkins. To people living beyond the fringe of hippie domination it was once again apparent that Los Angeles—and, indeed, California—existed within an 'astrodome' of its own making. Things in the celluloid city were just not normal, never had been, could never be. *This* wouldn't happen in Des Moines, in Atlanta. It certainly wouldn't happen in other countries. Not London, Paris, Berlin.

And yet—it could!

The people Susan Atkins condemned represented a lunatic fringe of the hippie movement. But men like her Charles Manson have a habit of appearing throughout time, in different parts of the world. Given the criminal background of a Manson, the slavish devotion of rebellious girlhood, the dedication of a 'cause' induced by narcotics and supported by theft, practically any of the militant-minded society drop-outs could emerge as the next 'Jesus', or 'Satan', or 'God-figure'.

According to the *Los Angeles Times*, Susan Atkins had a bizarre story to tell the grand jury secret hearings . . .

She, Susan Atkins, was a member of 'The Family'—a hippie group led by Charles Manson who used the name 'Jesus', 'Satan' and 'God' to his followers.

On the night of August 8, 1969, Susan Atkins, Charles Watson, Patricia Krenwinkel and Linda Kasabian were ordered to go to the Tate home by Charles Manson. According to Susan, Manson's instructions were definite—to murder the occupants and steal whatever money they could find. It was, she claimed, part of his vendetta against 'straight' people.

Clad entirely in black, the foursome scaled an iron-stake fence surrounding the estate entrance. Watson then proceeded to cut the telephone wires and the electrical lines to the house.

Just inside the grounds, they encountered Steven Parent, 18, getting into his car after a visit to his friend who was also the Tate caretaker. Watson produced a .22-calibre pistol and shot Parent in cold-blood. The pistol, Susan said, was the only one the group had—the girls being armed with either knives or bayonets.

Watson (the girl's story alleges) climbed through a window of the house and unlocked the front door to admit Susan and Patricia. Linda Kasabian stayed outside and did not enter the mansion at any time.

Voiteck Frykowski, 37—a friend of Sharon Tate's and also of her husband, Roman Polanski, the film director—was asleep on a couch but awoke to ask: 'Who are you?'

Watson, Susan claims, replied: 'I'm the Devil. I'm here to kill.' And with that they overpowered Frykowski and tied him securely.

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At this, Watson ordered the girls to search the bedrooms.

Sharon Tate, eight months pregnant, was in bed and hair stylist Jay Sebring—the actress' former boyfriend—was seated on the bed. In another bedroom, coffee heiress Abigail Folger was in bed, reading. These three were forced into the living room at knife-point and tied together.

Watson, Miss Atkins said, told the four intended victims they were going to die and when Sebring began to scream, Watson shot him. Sometime later, Sebring was also stabbed.

Frykowski was loosening his bonds and Watson ordered Miss Atkins to slash at him with a knife which, she said, she did. Frykowski managed to run for the front door but Watson hit him over the head with his gun, then shot and stabbed him.

Abigail Folger was also struggling with her bonds but was caught by Miss Krenwinkel who stabbed her, according to Susan Atkins's confession.

Watson then ordered Miss Atkins to kill Sharon Tate but, again according to her story, she refused. However, she did consent to hold the actress while Watson stabbed her.

At this, the intruders ran from the house where Abigail Folger had staggered onto the lawn and it was here that Watson stabbed her again. He also kicked the dead, or dying, Frykowski in the head.

From this account, which is sketchy, it will be seen that some disconcerting information is completely

missing. Why, for example, were the bodies of Sharon Tate and Jay Sebring found 'linked in death by a rope draped across a beam'? When did the Slaves perform this ghastly ritual? Before they ran from the house? Or did they return to perform their macabre feat? We are not told this. When did they steal the small amount of cash in the house? Did they rifle the pockets of the dead? Or the clothes of dying beings? Why did Linda Kasabian stay outside? Why did Susan Atkins refuse to kill Susan Tate? Why wasn't their transport seen and reported to the authorities? According to all we now know about The Family, they used some weird and wonderful modes of transport and, in such an exclusive community as Benedict Canyon, anything bizarre would be instantly suspect.

In itself, the Tate murders are a ghastly indictment of the hippie-drug scene. They testify to a way of life that respects neither human values nor counts itself as an integral part of the civilized community. 'Drop-out' is the operative word when we consider The Family. Not only did they 'drop-out' of society but they dropped-out of humanity with their dastardly deed.

And yet, we have newspapers and television clamouring for pictures and deadlines when the 'Rolling Stones' give another hippie concert; when John and Yoko make their bed-in an altar for 'way-out' announcements of world importance(?). How stupid can we get? Isn't it time the 'fact dealers' realised that they are encouraging the rise of a drop-out society? That, tenuous though it may be, impressionable

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youngsters tend to link success and undisguised rebel-
lion against established conduct with the more ad-
vanced moral decay of the Manson-types. While news-
paper censorship is deplorable and the curbing of a
democratic right to express an opinion would be an
abomination upon us, it is time for those in 'power'
to have a re-think and consider their contribution to
the rapid rise of the hippie cult. A little less attention
to the 'drop-outs' and a trifle more exposure for nor-
mal beings would do wonders to correct the balance
in favour of the majority. After all, is a 'Stones' con-
cert so globe-shaking an event that we must know that
certain individuals paraded nudity in true hippie con-
tempt for Establishment? As this was happening, re-
spectable British old-age pensioners were wrapping
themselves in *extra* clothing to keep out the cold—a
much more important feature—but, unfortunately,
less spectacular for the news media!

Perhaps one is apt to permutate too many possi-
bilities when confronted by the stark horror of The
Family. Perhaps seemingly 'innocent' happenings
grow into nightmarish proportions when even re-
motely connected with drugs, wild jungle music,
screaming 'slaves' and gyrating figures on a self-
created dias. The symbols are similar. The background
terrifyingly real.

Looked at from a distance devoid of emotional
loathing, Charles Manson is but a product of our
generation. His black-clad girl killers are a creation of
hysteria over-publicized. 'LOVE' has been shouted
too often, too long at a permissive crowd. The

beauties of love have been by-passed in favour of the love-sensations—pleasure in giving, in receiving, in being loved or in loving. Physical standards have been attached to a metaphysical enigma. Hippieism has tried, without much success to judge from The Family, to lift old-fashioned love from its magical moonlight into a scrub-infested desert commune and replace the intimacy of two people 'very much in love' with the orgiastic gutter-ravings of mass-inflamed lust. There is nothing beautiful in kissing the dirty feet of an ex-criminal like Charles Manson. There is no respect, much less love, in God-like aloofness when willing 'slaves' are ordered to fornicate with the nearest unwashed 'bum' in order to provide the 'Master' with kicks.

It is remarkable how many 'former' converts to a loathesome cause suddenly find religion and offer confessions for 'a price' when the sword of Justice begins to descend. More remarkable how silence is held to be golden before disaster strikes.

We—the law-abiding, respectable, ordinary people—must always be seen to be in sympathy with self-confessed evil-doers. Perhaps, in a sense, that is why crime is known to pay; a lot of times.

British newspapers have been battling one another for 'world exclusives'—tales told out of school by this or that ex-member of The Family. While those same old-age pensioners wrap yet another blanket round themselves, and the cold seeps through ancient windows and doors, some upstart thief, seducer of 15-year old girls makes a fortune 'grassing' on the man

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who provided opportunities 'unlimited' for him to exercise his penchant for perverse sex. Justice is not only blind—She is deaf and insensitive!

Twenty-five people are believed to have been slashed to death by 'Satan's Slaves', according to the Los Angeles police—and for no other reason than Charles Manson ordered their execution and his followers were unable to refuse his instructions. Excuses have been offered: Manson held his subjects under a strange hypnotic spell; Manson possessed the 'power' of 'evil' and the 'poor' girls could not fight against his 'overpowering will'.

One could seek refuge in the vulgar and say 'what a load of bull-shit!' . . . One could nod and make allowances for the 'passive' generation and admit that such men are in a minority—but real nevertheless. One could point with disgust to prime examples in our own troubled cities and state categorically that girls today are willing to subject themselves to the lowest order of mankind possible.

Whatever one's reaction, the fact remains—Charles Manson *did* have a hold over his 'slaves'. Especially, the girls in his camp.

But, and hypnotists have advocated this for many years, *people cannot be made to do that which is contrary to their nature even under the deepest hypnosis!* This has been, and still is, the safeguard of those who practise hypnotism for the benefit of humanity. Childbirths are, for some women, assisted by hypnotical suggestion. Imagine how it would be if, indeed, the

hypnotist *could* implant an un-natural suggestion into that mother's brain!

If we agree with the professional hypnotists, we must assume that Manson has a hold over his 'subjects' that was not hypnotical. Or, *if it was hypnosis*, his 'slaves' were, basically, willing and inclined toward that suggestion.

This would make nonsense of all the 'hearts and flowers' confessions; those self-pitying cries in a legal jungle.

While not presuming to pre-judge issues, nor to stepping on defence toes, human nature has a right to express beliefs held dearly—even if contrary to publicized opinion and the mass-media pre-trial statements of talkative attorneys. Not being subjected to a 'Manson-type spell', nor being bluffed by a 'world exclusive'; not being captivated by the 'good' (?) hippie life offers nor being enamoured by sex-a-la-mode-Satan, one finds it exceedingly difficult to associate with the rash of statements being offered by the ex-members of Manson's Family. Everybody, it seems, is anxious to remove him—or herself from the actual 'crime' involved.

"We all enjoyed Manson's orgies; we all loved walking around nude; we all participated in stealing to make the commune self-supporting," seems to be the order of the day.

But, also: "We all backed away when Charles . . . 'Jesus' . . . 'Satan' . . . 'God' . . . ordered us to kill!" is still the clarion cry of those still to be charged with

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complicity in the multiple-slayings attributed to The Family.

At one time, we are informed, the Manson clan amounted to sixty persons. They trembled when Manson related his tribulations and his incarcerations. They accepted him as their leader, regardless of his penal record. Isn't this, in itself, an example of the type of being Manson attracted to his fold? Individuals holding none of the values we, ordinary people, hold dearest. Individuals seeped in anti- this and that.

It is said that Manson admonished his 'Slaves' for their sloppy work at the Tate mansion. To steady already shattered nerves, Manson himself decided to go on the next murderous sortie.

MANSON

CHARLES MANSON, self-styled leader of The Family, Satan's Slaves, or whatever the commune liked to be named, is no plaster saint leading his 'people' to a land of plenty from a wilderness of social injustice. He is not even a true hippie if we are to believe the factual evidence that hippies are young drop-outs—ordinary youngsters protesting against a society they cannot abide for intellectual reasons.

Manson was, and is, a criminal—convicted, sentenced, debt paid. He is currently awaiting charges on a series of thefts, and a conspiracy charge hangs over his head for the Tate slayings. He is also due to be brought into court for the brutal slaying of Gary Hin-

man, the death of whom Susan Atkins has been accused. That Hinman befriended Manson and tried to help 'Satan' in his assault on the 'pop' world shows the depths to which a denied maniac will descend to extract a measure of his 'revenge'.

There is no evidence to support Manson's apparent claim to fame except, perhaps, the dubious testimony of his 'slaves' that he possessed a beguiling voice. Naturally, one must assume that a 'slave' will always praise its master! The people in the 'know' did not take kindly to Manson's voice and he was insulted... as one would expect 'God' or 'Satan' to be. After all, could 'ordinary' mortals be expected to understand the gifts bestowed on God's Son when they had no guide to judge that Divine voice by?

In the *News of the World*, Steve Dunleavy offered an exclusive from the mouth of Paul Watkins. There wasn't anything in this 'startling exposé' we hadn't already heard, or read except, perhaps, that the 19 year-old Watkins was Manson's second-in-command.

Naturally, the data was presented with photographic 'evidence' that Watkins was, indeed, a 'Family' man. And, also, we had a 'breathtaking' picture of two 'smiling, innocent-looking girls'—Sandra Pugh and Lynne Fromme taken in Death Valley—featured on the front-page.

Frankly, this is the kind of journalese that helps create sympathy for 'God's little monsters' instead of condemning them for the hypocritical, sadistic, immoral bums and tramps they really are. When a 19 year-old proudly boasts he never had trouble 'getting

broads' it is time we reviewed our grants to students and treated our 'drop-outs' with the contempt they so rightly deserve.

Derek Ive in *The People* gave us his dramatic account of how he became an 'instant hippie' by switching his suit for 'an exotic Mexican shirt and tattered jeans'. In Los Angeles 'jeans' are strictly 'Levis' and that Mexican shirt is no different from a million mass-produced other shirts in this floralized 'Schlitzland'.

That Derek Ive was 'immediately accepted' by the Sunset Boulevard crowd is not saying too much. Since Sunset first started meandering from Hollywood to the Pacific Coast, people have been accepted regardless of what they wore, or who they represented. In the 'old' days when Sunset was a name to conjure with, the then 'in' crowd accepted strangers into their midst without question. And that lot were a tougher outfit to break into than a gang of drug-happy hippies!

Not being sarcastic, nor totally abrasive, one is forced to the conclusion that many hippies cashed in on the current trend to capitalize on the Family troubles. Suddenly, it seemed, every demented LSD-soul along Sunset or in the vicinity of Death Valley was a former 'slave' or 'associate' of Charles Manson. It does not require a vivid imagination to 'see' the scene . . .

Sunset Boulevard the evening *after* the news hits the street. Hippies trying to make a 'score'—the money for another trip to Hades. Tourists galore with cameras swinging from bull-necks and females fresh

from Iowa and Nebraska all out to capture an authentic glimpse of a notorious 'sex-maniac'. They go big for that in the States. It is even recorded that maiden school-teachers flock to Hawaii where the men are virile and brash and every bed has its frustration-eliminator hiding underneath the mattress.

Hippies, regardless of their claims to shun society and the corruption that brings normality are quick to capitalize on Uncle Sam's shortcomings. It's one thing to wave Ho's flag but who can exist on an ideological pamphlet?

Naturally, hippies will rally to the 'flag' that brings bread for LSD and another trip. And no flag waves more enthusiastically than the flag of a newspaper with cash attached to its standard.

Newspapers have a function in society—to present the news and take us behind the scenes. It is not necessary that we should be treated to confessions and 'I-was-there' accounts when, in actuality, the law enforcement agencies are still in the process of finding witnesses and eliminating those myriad 'cranks' who always come forward to claim association with a publicized crime. It is enough, for the reading public, that certified 'criminals' be permitted to tell their story.

In the *Daily Mirror* of Wednesday, December 3, 1969, we had a story from Tony Delano in Los Angeles. In this, Delano said that Charles Watson appeared to be the leader of 'Satan's Slaves' at the time of the Sharon Tate murders . . . which, according to the 'confession' of Susan Atkins, was bunk.

And so we go on . . . from sensationalism to sensa-

tionalism. From reporter to reporter. Each according to his source. Each according to his newspaper's dictates.

Where do we end?

From an analysis of the accounts, skipping those which lean toward the 'sensational' and those which depend solely on the 'confession' we find that Charles Manson was a criminal. He did not 'belong' with the hippie community. He did not filter into the 'drop-out' society by due process of drugs, educational lethargy, nor age. He entered it because he was attracted to the callings of Scientology whilst in prison.

We, in Britain, have reason to remember Scientology. The Home Office, in its usual bumbling way, has of late investigated this cult. But not effectively, so as to ban it. Certain disturbing facts have been uncovered but the public are not entitled to know what exactly is wrong with Scientology. Perhaps one may be excused for making a comparison with another Labour blunder—the investigation into the Trade Unions, which, as most people declare, are in sad need of reorganization. Scientology escaped official banishment—but not un-official ostracization by prominent members of the government that let it continue in being!

The writer, Lafayette Ronald Hubbard, is in an envious position inasmuch as 'tithes' from the movement go to him. And this from a concept that first saw the light of explanation in, of all things, *Astounding Science Fiction*. In its less fictional march forward, Scientology has recruited notable converts and an

army of devoted adherents. One has only to visit East Grinstead to see this S/F 'religion' in operation. If it is a religion, that is? At the moment, Scientologist executives are waging a battle against the United States to stop the movement being classified as a profit-making commercial enterprise rather than a church—a 'world church' as it calls itself. In Britain, the verdict is against the 'church' motivation as, according to the sect's literature, they are not a church. Which only goes to prove: established religion has it made compared to a new concept breaking into the money-spinning field of 'belief'.

Manson, hardened by a life of crime which, in America, is a tough life indeed, found himself 'latching' onto an idea. As a habitual offender, he was already outside the pale. His future was assured—crime, crime, more crime. Until, eventually, the law decided he was a menace that should be put inside for keeps.

Scientology offered an avenue of escape. Manson grabbed it eagerly. But to the 'sterile' process of advancing steps that the doctrine offered, Manson added that dash of excitement hippies find so necessary to stimulate their interest. He added witchcraft!

It has been suggested that Charles Manson found the ultimate 'weapon' in the Scientologist off-shoot, 'The Process'. This cannot be confirmed, nor denied. The 'Mind-Benders'—as The Process have been called in Britain—vehemently throw-out the suggestion. Yet, if we study Manson's *modus operandi* we find startling similarities to the 'Mind-Benders'. That Manson's 'slaves' were clad in black suggests The Process. That

his power evolved through the use of this cult. The accidental to neglect with ground and his eventual. Whatever Manson thought he came from the San Francisco his member, he commanded this 'youth' re guidance and leadership is not yet recognized and that chicanery to keep power. Those M.J. George, for instance. Manson capitalizing the Santa craft with sex the 'family' with belief. A fairy tale seem from his own infallible Godhood. It was ready to experience perverse sex that tested criminal. And there was Charles Manson. From his Scientology the 'spice' to make it is not an alternative was able to

his power evolved through hypnotic influence is also true of this cult. The points of contact are too coincidental to neglect when delving into Manson's background and his eventual emergence as 'Jesus Christ'.

Whatever Manson's initial inspirations, it is fact that he came from prison and established himself with the San Francisco hippie fraternity. There, as an older member, he commanded attention. Isn't it sad to relate that this 'youth revolution' should turn to 'adult' guidance and leadership? It shows, primarily, that youth is not yet ready to accept its rightful place in a nation and that votes for under-21's is political chicanery to keep the 'supposed' party of youth in power. Those M.B.E's for John, Paul, Ringo and George, for instance, are little less than bribery!

Manson capitalized on youth's insatiable desire to prolong the Santa Claus legend. Manifested in witchcraft with sex the prime mover, he fed his willing 'family' with beliefs so far fetched as to make a Manx fairy tale seem factual. He 'dosed' his followers with his own infallibility without ever having to prove his Godhood. It was enough for impressionable girls ready to experiment the vicarious pleasure of illicit, perverse sex that their 'teacher' should be a self-confessed criminal. An outcaste.

And there was the 'miracle'. Outcaste!

Charles Manson had arrived!

From his Scientologist gambit, Manson had added the 'spice' to make the stew edible.

It is not altogether surprising to learn that Manson was able to gather around him a 'harem' of pretty

drop-outs and hippie 'Flower Children'. At the time of his invasion of San Francisco, the old Haight-Ashbury haven was in mass retreat. According to one of the most influential, and best-written, Underground newspapers, *Avatar*;

"Haight Street is just as bad now as the squares have said it is. Have you heard of the killings, seen the hippies watching while some square beats another hippy into psychedelic pulp?"

Manson arrived at the right time. He came as the 'flower people' were moving. While 'the beautiful ones' still had a beautiful face and an unbattered body. He came before the LSD reaped its 'just' rewards—suicide, murder, violence. He got out as the police began their promised clean-up and the voters of San Francisco got tired of having lazy 'bums' hanging around their doorsteps.

With others, Manson took his followers on the 'commune trail'.

This was no glorified 'march through the wilderness battling Redskins every inch of the way'. It wasn't even a Donner Pass fiasco. The hippies were not trail-blazers. They did not seek the difficult. They wanted the road to poverty paved with wealth and 'soft touches'. The world owed every hippie a living and, by God, they demanded their dues.

From 'Frisco they scattered—some to Oregon where the trees grew tall and straight and the land was fertile; some to Colorado where the Rockies offered

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spectacular vistas of sunrise and sunset; some to New Mexico where the desert bloomed with morning beauty and the sun beat hot and dry on parched skins; and some went South—down the California coastline to that city of smog and freaks and money.

Manson didn't stop to consider where a true hippie peace belonged. He thought only of his criminal past and the lure of money. Los Angeles had it next to San Francisco. Or before 'Frisco! It mattered little. Money was in L.A. And The Family would get its share. Manson could count on that. He had the girls trained to obey by now.

According to statements, Charles Manson sent his 'slaves' out to forage for him. It wasn't enough that they catered to his every sexual whim. He had to be provided for on a scale that not even the 'man' Christ had demanded.

Susan Atkins described Manson as a hypnotic person.

Was he?

Or was Susan, like so many of her generation, 'sold' on any man who happened to come along with the right line, the right set of 'values', the right defiance of law-and-order . . . ?

Manson, at 34, was 'mature'. He possessed an assurance that the young victims of his sadistic nature did not have. He had been 'around' and that counted. He had been in trouble with the fuzz, and that counted more. He was a rebel, a protestor against constitutional normalcy. He represented, for drug-inflamed teenage girls seeking Timothy Leary's 'seven hundred orgasms

in a carefully prepared, loving LSD session' the ultimate of male gratification.

Regardless of what Manson was, or is, he had enough intelligence to mastermind The Family. He understood what made people tick—especially those drifting females of the Haight-Ashbury district. He knew that his combination of witchcraft and cultism would drive the gals crazy. With a dose of 'acid' he was set—and every trip was an experience never to forget—always providing, of course, that one could recall the thrills of each separate trip.

At the moment of writing, there is no factual knowledge of what transpired during a Manson orgy in the desert. One must assume that he did not deviate too much from the 'standardized' rituals of witchcraft. We have accounts how he ordered his 'slaves' to kiss his feet and prepare themselves for a grand orgy. We know he 'allowed' his male hangers-on to participate and that he, personally, was incapable of satisfying his many girl concubines.

The background for Manson's orgies is typical of the hippie commune life in general. Decent abodes were forbidden the 'love' addicts. Typical of the Manson type 'wagon train' was the converted bus they used to depart the San Francisco area. Even in this, using a public highway, they could not refrain from showing their contempt for an orthodox world. The group was discovered in a ditch with most of the inhabitants naked.

When Manson and The Family reached the promised land of Los Angeles County, they took up residence

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at the Spahn ranch—a set often used by film producers and for the television show, 'The Virginian'. One can almost see the handsome James Drury riding down the trail with Trampus at his side and finding 'Shiloh' occupied by a mass of naked owlhoots with a bead-swinging jaybird called Manson at their head. One hopes that Percy Faith's splendid arrangement was *not* used by The Family on their nightly 'campfire' get-togethers.

Unless one is associated with picture making and the Hollywood idea of permanent sets it is difficult to conceive how The Family could move in on a 'location' such as this. However, when confronted by the facts it becomes perfectly logical to explain this 'forceful' occupation. Hollywood does not make its television shows on a weekly basis. A series—say of 13 shows—is shot fast. All outdoor shots are run off on a production-line and those centered around a home ranch (like 'Shiloh') are given the 'rush' treatment. The real dramatics are inside a sound-stage in Los Angeles and it is here that time begins to mean money. Actors can fluff lines. Technicians tend to forget how the outdoor set looks and sets have to be reconstructed. A horse suddenly runs wild and knocks over an important 'prop' and the 'take' has to be re-run.

These are the delays a producer, and director, has to face. But, outdoors, well—how often can a scene go wrong when all that is required is for a rider to come into the ranch 'set' and dismount . . . or hurry up those long steps to Judge Garth's residence?

For many months of the year the 'set' is empty; dead to all accounts; devoid of humanity except for a caretaker and, in this case, a blind owner.

George Spahn was no different from a million or more other Americans. He did not particularly care for hippies but he could not afford to be choosy. He owned the ranch but he had a foreman to look after his property. When The Family descended on his land, he did not order them off. At 80, could anyone blame him? And in the middle of a torrential rainstorm, Western hospitality is clear cut. Nobody turns away a stranger when he needs shelter and food. Not even if he happens to be a 'Family'.

Later, when asked why he let The Family invade his property, Spahn remarked: "He was a very personable fellow when he wanted to be. And, I was half-way scared of that bunch."

When The Family moved, they moved fast. From the ranch they went into Death Valley—a tourist attraction but not a place anyone would willingly select for a home.

Picture, if you can, a slash of land slicing through semi-scrub country with burning hot sands in the middle. There are hills to the right, hills to the left and nothing but sand and heat-haze before and behind. In the hills, the rock burns to the touch; and the cool mountains in the distance never seem to get any closer in the terrific heat of the sun.

Once, how long ago was it? Death Valley 'Scottie' came here and found gold. He built a castle which stands in his memory to this day. It is said that

'Scottie' lit his cigars with hundred-dollar bills but even this legend has flamed into a trifle in the arid heat of the Valley.

Probably nowhere else in the United States has God made a more desolate area than Death Valley. Some of the highest temperatures on earth are recorded here. And it was to this God-forsaken spot that 'Satan' led his 'children'. A fitting place. Satan loves heat—brimstone notwithstanding!

Of course, there are places . . . and places in Death Valley. There is that wilderness which is a National Park. There is a community called Death Valley. There is an acceptable region bordering on the Valley which is still part of the Mojave Desert. And there are cooler sectors near Telescope Peak and Shoshone.

The word desert frightens some people who have never been in a map reference area named 'desert'. It isn't necessarily all bad. No more so than residing in what is technically termed an 'eruption region' for volcanic activity. San Francisco is a danger zone yet thousands live there without worry.

Manson and The Family selected a spot which gave them access to towns. And, therefore, an area which was not all heat and sand and desolation. It was hot. Every part of this semi-desert region was hot. But native Californians don't find the burning heat oppressive. And, mostly, the Family came from California. There were exceptions, to be sure. But even they found the heat bearable when compared to the 'heat' generated by the law-enforcement agencies seeking the Sharon Tate slayers.

It is silly to guess how the Tate killers felt when they heard that the police were baffled. It is enough to know that one's own feelings would be 'elation'.

Manson must have felt very secure and detached from the murder scene in his remote commune. He had his women; the orgies a nightly feature of their slavish devotion. He had his occult kicks; many of which he 'invented' as 'acid' ate at his nervous system and crawled through a 'charged' mind. He had his 'gang' to provide for his every need—especially for the narcotics without which The Family could not exist. As long as there were cars to steal, markets for the stolen vehicles were easy.

Manson must have felt like a king as he surveyed his desert commune-kingdom.

Imagine the utter depravity of what he saw . . .

Naked 'Slaves' wearing nothing but hippie-beads round bronzed necks, unwashed children digging in the hot sand as mothers fought to retain their sanity and prepare for yet another trip. High above, every day, a torrid sun mercilessly beating down on scrub-infested desert. Shimmering mountain ranges heat-hazed into weird shapes. Snakes, spiders, ants, insects of every variety crawling across the endless sands. Skeletal cacti raising plaintive arms to a cloudless sky. Abandoned cars, motorcycles and lean-to's doing nothing to enrich the dead horizon. And, at night, when the desert chill seeped into everything, everyone—there were the candles, the burning fires, the prancing gyrations of pleasure-bent girls . . .

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Charles Manson was not a monarch. He owned

nothing—not even the loyalty of his Slaves. Once the bitter blow of law-enforcement struck, he lost that. Self-preservation is a stronger emotion than faithfulness to 'Satan'. He commanded, but as Susan Atkins said—she refused to obey.

There is no doubt that Manson was a commanding individual. Even a junkie has a will of his, or her, own. Manson had to be a leader to force the others to carry out his evil schemes. The murders were not of people the Slaves held a grudge against. La Bianca was associated with supermarkets—Manson had a grudge there. The Tate residence had been the home of Terry Melcher, the 27-year-old son of actress Doris Day. Manson had visited the house when trying to interest Mr. Melcher in a recording contract and, it is said, saw the mansion as a symbol of rejection. It is possible, though not proven, that the Slaves were, in fact, after Melcher when they invaded and slew Sharon Tate. Manson never liked being refused anything and his ego must have suffered a shattering blow. Gary Hinman was murdered in his Malibu home because he rejected Manson's request for a loan, so it is said. Others have been killed and the number of murders being placed on The Family doorstep is likely to exceed a score. In each slaying, Manson's hatred seems to be the only plausible motive.

In mid-October, Manson was arrested by the State police on a car-theft charge. The Family fled, scattering to the winds of hippie freedom—but not for long. Slowly, the wheels of justice began to grind and the rotten stalks were caught in those relentless gears.

Like a reincarnated Lucifer, the master strides to the fire, throws his arms upwards. His voice shatters the night's composure. He invokes the 'beasts of Satan' to enter their circle; calls up evil to make them unpure; orders the night to cloak them with black deeds.

He implores his men to defile their women but first, they must worship at his feet. Quickly, the girls fall on their knees, crawl around before him, buttocks shimmering in the fireglow. Like vapid creatures they adore this monstrous evil, touching his genitals, kissing his bottom, begging to be his next.

Maniac laughter tears from his throat and he falls to the sand, screaming filth, his physical powers enriched by the narcotic filling his veins. A girl is spread-eagled, mounted—another instructed how to perform a perverse act to keep him amused as he enjoys himself on her friend.

Men grab girls, gross acts of indecency are performed in the communal circle and, when the mood seizes the Master, partners switch, and the depravity commences anew.

And, somewhere beyond the fire's flickering flames, another child begins to cry for a mother who will not hear its plaintive sobs until the sun rises and she returns to her slovenly cot . . .

The above is conjecture. It happens. Not necessarily like this where The Family were concerned but, from evidence already offered, not far short of the terrible scenes they enacted in their desert commune. Manson,

it has been said, would make love to four girls at a time as his lieutenants pleased themselves with some of the other females in their group. Changing partners is part of hippie tribe life; as natural as public copulation.

Manson's Family had progressed farther along the road to complete depravity than most hippie groups, it seems. Love was, for them, strictly a physical process. It did not mean love thy neighbour; give love to all. They reserved their loving for moments of tribe lust. Drugs, too, played a larger part in The Family's existence than in other communes. Manson was an addict and therefore his Family had to be junkies. But probably Manson used his Scientologist knowledge—with that vital occult ingredient—to a much higher degree of skill than the majority of 'tribe leaders' did in their communes. Manson fertilized his group activities with the seeds of criminal genius. That is not to say that Charles Manson was a particularly good crook. He had too many arrests and convictions to be classified as a 'smart criminal'. But he did have a genius for knowing about crime, and how to procure cash for The Family's immediate needs. Considering the hippie mentality and their loathing for fuzz and civilized order, Manson's record set him apart, exalted him in the eyes of his tribe. The Family did not just steal in the haphazard way of the majority of groups. Theirs was an organized effort—as witness the members held in custody awaiting trial on numerous charges.

Unfortunately for Los Angeles, California and the

hippie movement, Charles Manson happened along when society needed a broad-edged sword with which to eliminate the growing menace of drop-out kids clogging the nation's engine. Public opinion, which has reached a state of apathy at times, is now being marshalled into definite channels—all intended to rid the land of hippie cults. The hysteria that can so quickly assail the United States will most assuredly sweep tribes from their communes and re-establish order where none has been seen to be. One is not surprised, nor even shocked, by the violent attitudes of some enforcement agencies. Hippies have made their own bed and the great masses must be offered some protection from their police servants. The tide has reached its zenith when liberal thinking can condone the continued growth of this social menace . . .

NO HALO FOR SATAN

THE publicity given the hippie 'Family' of Charles Manson is, at times, touched with venom. Legally, no sane individual would expect Manson's group to get a sympathetic hearing from those 'twelve men—honest and true'. No jury could be expected to sit in judgement of self-confessed hippie-slayers and find an extenuating circumstance to soften the sentences they must surely receive. Ronald Reagan will be hard put to deny gas-chamber activity after the verdict is in.

Justice will be done—and the American public is already clamouring for a death penalty.

But that is in the future. And it is still up to the jury and the courts to pronounce their judgement. Even then, one may be sure, the legal wizards will challenge every decision and fight their lonely battles through reams of technicalities and public funds.

While the lawyers struggle to make names for themselves, what will happen to the estimated 10,000 hippies living in various parts of America? Will they, in the face of strengthening opposition, steal away into the night and fold their tents under mother's stoop? Or will they refuse to be driven back into the society they so recently rejected?

The Tate killings are the final straw to break the apathetic back of the long-suffering American camel. Stories of hippie sex-drug antics in way-out areas of the Golden State have multiplied. And they were frequent enough before Sharon Tate lost her life and unborn baby. The climate of public opinion has long been hardening against hippiedom. The original wonderment and smiling 'youth must have its fling' has vanished. California is steadily becoming more conservative. Student riots, Black Panther activities and hippiedom's constant demand for more sexual-narcotic freedom has resulted in a swing to the extreme Right.

In every region of the State, the daily confrontation of young and old grows more vicious. There is no longer hope of a meeting ground, much less agreement on codes of conduct. Hippies, true to Ho's death-bed image, persist in accusing the government

for all sorts of crimes against humanity in Vietnam. Now, the other side have their atrocity story to throw back at the usually loud-mouthed exponents of anarchy.

The increasing fear is, however, that the verbal conflict will end in a dramatic burst of gunfire. Weapons are far too readily available in America. Hippies—The Family, for one—are armed. Householders are armed. The troubles in Watts would be like a pair of kids using cap-pistols compared to the wholesale slaughter that would result from an all-out war between the Rights and hippiedom. How much 'Satan's Slaves' have contributed to this possible showdown is open to debate but it must be considerable.

If the 'Slaves' had only committed the Tate murders they might have been excused by a generous public. Excused—but not forgiven! With every day that fades into journalistic history, the cults are shown to have engaged in murder on a massive scale. There is no excuse now. There are only other dead bodies, and other unsolved slayings to place before the hippie altar.

Will the turning tide of public opinion stop at hippiedom? Remember, hippies are closely associated with drug-taking and that backlash could have profound effects on America's high junkie population. Yoga and Eastern mysticism, astrology and other forms of the occult could easily become targets for indignant fanatics trying to erase those things which have contributed to the rise of the flower people. Way-out religions could have their share of investigations and even the established church groups might find

wages couldn't begin to cover the heavy burden of a habit. The 'monkey' had its price—crime.

With the increased rate of drug taking soaring to unheard of heights, so the crime rate rose, too. One reads of people locked in their homes night after night because it is unsafe to walk city streets. Even at home, John Q. Citizen wasn't protected. Wild-eyed young thugs and desperate hippies seldom let locked premises stop them. As Sharon Tate discovered. As the La Bianca's found out.

The problem is a worrying one for the law enforcement agencies. To erase crime, drug supplies must taper off. Yet, to stamp out the narcotics racket, crime must be prevented and eliminated. One is linked to the other and the thousands of hippies are not helping the situation by their downright refusal to accept legal restraint on what is, for them, an ultimate pleasure and a driving-force for their nightmarish fancies.

When The Family entered Sharon Tate's mansion it was a clash of two separate divisions in the growing menace of drug addiction. One—those with Miss Tate—used drugs for kicks and to heighten 'appreciation' of the occult. The other—the alleged slayers—used drugs as a means of identification and to increase pleasures in a physical and mental sense. Again, the occult played a hand and was a feature of The Family's tribal 'religion'.

There is much work to be done before The Family face their accusers in open court. There is more work to be done before the hippie problem is sorted out to

everyone's satisfaction. Hippiedom has been shaken to its foundationless core and still the long-haired, unwashed, rough-sleeping, free-loving hordes sweep across America. Hitching, as it were, rides to a dream state where the hated 'squares' do not exist, where love is for all and the acid for trips given away free. It is a ride to limbo. For without the squares to grubstake them occasionally, provide places where the tribe can bunk for a few nights, manufacture the essentials upon which even hippies must exist and just be there when something valuable has to be stolen, or some other life taken then hippiedom will fall flat on its drug-marked face.

The hippies are parasites living off the fat back of the majority. But, unlike most parasites, hippies fail to recognize the value of its 'master'. They create nothing except obscenities and trouble. They manufacture nothing except children. They are a voice crying in the wilderness of their own making, their own choice—telling us how totally wrong we are to safeguard the democracy that permits them to be.

For The Family, it is all over. One after another the former black-clad Slaves are finding their way into Los Angeles police cells. One by one they will face the society they tormented and despised to the extent of—as yet, unproven—murder. Charles Manson—'Satan', 'Jesus', 'God'—will have ample opportunity to prove his godhood, his satanic magic. Now is the time for tinpot tyrants to offer former 'family' evidence of all that was preached in the name of His Satanic Majesty . . .